

Stranger Than Strange by A.J. Wates

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Summary: Percy's been transported back in time, he isn't sure if his situation is any better than the one that he left in present-day New York.

1. Chapter 0: Twelve and Eleven

Percy Jackson wasn't scared. No he was absolutely fucking terrified. But then again, who wouldn't be if they just woke up a desolate room with memories that weren't his own. The sixteen year wondered it this was Kronos' fault. If the titan had managed to send him somewhere so that he couldn't fight before his essence was scattered in the winds of Tartarus again for all eternity.

Percy found himself stuck in thought for what seemed like hours, but when the door to his room slid open he became aware that the passing of time was much less than he'd thought. That door opened every day at eight o'clock sharp and what followed didn't particularly make Percy happy.

"Hello Twelve, how are you feeling today?"

Percy didn't answer. He was still confused and his head hurt like Zeus had let out a godly sized thunderclap next to his ear. Even if his head felt like someone had dropped a stack of bricks on it, Percy studied the man in front of him. The man's white hair was combed back neatly, and his blue eyes held kindness as he looked at the boy in front of him. Percy wasn't surprised when he saw a glimpse of hostility and maliciousness hidden just underneath the kindness.

"Today is a very special day for you and Eleven, there will be very special people watching you two today but just act like it's a regular day and everything will be fine. Today both you and eleven will be going in the tanks just so you can with Eleven if something goes wrong."

It was then that Percy was undoubtedly sure that something would go wrong. The rules of his life commanded nothing less. Whether it was today, tomorrow, or sometime in the future, something would go wrong. Percy didn't know how to feel about that. Whether it would turn out good or bad for him was always a mystery, one that Percy was only able to solve at the last minute, no matter how hard he tried. He prayed to the fates, to the gods, and every other immortal being out there that this turned out well for him. The man, Percy remembered his name to be Brenner, gave what seemed to be a kind

smile and Percy groaned in his head. The only reason Percy was allowing himself to be treated this way by the old man was because of Eleven.

Percy remembered that he was fiercely protective of the girl. Brenner treated her like she was a test subject, only offering false affection and thinly veiled threats. Percy hated the way the man treated the younger girl and so he cooperated so at the girl didn't face such harsh treatment.

Percy ran a hand through his hair and let out a sigh before allowing himself to be led to the lab by the men that Brenner had brought to his room, cell, whatever you want to call it.

Before their journey ended Brenner led Percy to a room where he instructed the boy to change into stupid looking scientific suit that he always wore whenever he went into the tank. Percy hated the suit, it was damn ugly.

They led him to the tanks and when Eleven saw Percy, he actually had to struggle to keep himself balanced when the younger girl launched herself into his arms. As Eleven hugged him tightly around the waist, Percy whispered comforting words into her ear. She would be okay, that was something that he promised.

Things went well at first, and then they just didn't.

Percy and Eleven were both lowered into the tanks and then suddenly, they were surrounded by darkness. Then, Percy saw Eleven again. Water covered the floor and they were ankle deep in it Eleven grabbed Percy's hand as she looked at something in the distance.

Percy turned and all he saw was a hunched over figure Its skin was grey and lacking any type of hair. Slowly the two of them walked toward the figure. Their steps were slow and cautious. The smell of death hit Percy's nose before he was sure what to call it. The creature seemed to be eating and Percy hated to think about what exactly the creature seemed to be consuming readily.

Eleven reached out, and Percy found that he couldn't stop her. Percy let out a small gasp as the creature stopped eating and slowly turned

toward them.

As Percy saw the monsters horrible face, Eleven screamed. Percy's eyes opened in the darkness of his isolation tank and he could hear the room outside of the tank shaking. He could still hear Eleven screaming and before he knew it he was using his powers. These weren't the powers that he'd received from his father these were powers that came with a throbbing headache that left him seeing double. The top of his tank was ripped off and suddenly Percy was drowned in light again. He ripped the submersion helmet from his head and quickly swam to the top of the tank only to find himself face to face with chaos.

Scientists were running all around the lab, furiously trying to fix the malfunctioning machines against the walls. On the opposite wall, Percy saw why some of the other scientists were panicking. A giant crack had been making its way up the wall, slowly becoming wider and wider. Percy could still hear Eleven banging against the metal of her submersion tank. Reaching out, Percy concentrated and waited to feel the familiar headache that accompanied him using his powers.

The edges of Eleven's tank crumpled in on themselves before they were violently ripped in half. Water spilled forward and Percy used his powers to make sure that Eleven didn't fall. He gently set the girl down on the floor before climbing out of his own tank. Before anyone could see or stop them Percy grabbed Eleven's hand and ran from the lab. Neither of them looked back as the destruction continued behind them.

The building shook once again and Percy briefly wondered if the people inside would be okay. But despite his worrying, Percy didn't stop running. He quickly picked up Eleven as the halls of Hawkins lab continued to rattle around them until they found a door. Its employees were too concentrated on staying alive to notice two of the children they'd experimented on slip through the front door and run into the woods surrounding the lab.

It was then that Percy vowed to protect Eleven, even if it cost him his life.

2. The Vanishing of Will Byers: Part 1

The sound of lawn sprinklers coming on fill the empty streets of a 1980s suburban cul-de-sac. It's quiet, calm even. Inside the basement of one house, the dramatic voice of a young boy can be heard, dramatic and intense.

"Do you hear that? Listen..." He says to the three other boys sitting around him. "Something is coming... something hungry for blood..."

The group of boys, all twelve years old, play Dungeons and Dragons. They sit around a small card table with a grid map spread out before them, along with an almost empty pizza box, canned Cokes, and most importantly the Dungeons and Dragons monster manual.

The one speaking, Mike Wheeler, is a skinny boy with brown eyes and darker brown hair. Not only is he the Dungeon master for tonight's game, but he is also the leader of the small group we see before us.

The other boys lean forward, far more interested than before, even if they were previously entranced by the story unfolding before them. Lucas Sinclair is a twelve-year-old black boy making his way through the game as a knight.

Sitting beside Lucas is Dustin Henderson, a boy with blue eyes and brown hair, plays the game as a dwarf.

Lastly sitting beside Dustin is Will Byers, who plays the game as a wizard. He is another with brown eyes and brown hair.

"What is it?" asks Will.

"What if it's the Demogorgon? If it's the Demogorgon we're in some deep shit." Dustin chimes in.

"It's not the Demogorgon" Lucas quickly denies. Mike waits for them to stop talking before he continues on with the game.

"An army of Troglodytes charge into the chamber!" He slams SIX WINGED MINIATURES onto the map. "Their tails drum the floor.

Boom! Boom! Boom!"

"Troglodytes?!" Dustin yells and Lucas gives him a smug look.

"Toldja," Lucas says and Dustin scoffs.

Mike looks over his shoulder and his eyes grow wide.

"Wait, do you hear that?" Mike says before pausing. "Boom! Boom! BOOM! That sound, it didn't come from the Troglodytes. No. It came from something else."

Mike slams a large two-headed figure onto the map.

"THE DEMOGORGON," Mike yells out.

Dustin, Lucas and Will stare at the figure in silence before them. It doesn't take long before Dustin breaks the silence.

"We're in deep shit."

"Will, what's your action," Mike asks the smaller boy.

Will swallows. God, he suddenly wishes it wasn't his turn.

"I-I don't know." He says after a few moments. His mind is blank and he realized that he doesn't really know what to do.

"Use a fireball on him," Lucas suggests to him and Will nods.

"I'd have to roll thirteen or higher," he replies as the cogs begin to turn in his head.

"Too risky," Dustin say before throwing out a suggestion of his own. "Cast a protection spell."

"Don't be a wimp! Use a fireball." Lucas says.

"No, use a protection spell!"

Mike interrupts before either of them can speak again.

"The Demogorgon is tired of your silly human bickering. It stomps

toward you. BOOM!"

"FIREBALL HIM WILL!"

"Another step. BOOM!"

"Cast protection!"

"It roars in anger."

"Fireball!"

"Protection!"

"And-"

"FIREBALL!" Will finally screams out.

Will quickly rolls the dice, but it's a little too hard. The dice scatter to the other side of the basement. It lands by the basement steps.

"What is it?!" Lucas practically screams, anxious to hear the outcome of the disastrous roll.

"I don't know!" Will screams back.

"Is it a thirteen?" Dustin asks amongst the calamity of their situation.

"I DON'T KNOW!" Will screams again and for a few moments, there is nothing but silence. Then as if they all share a collective mind the four boys scramble to look for the dice.

Before they have a chance to find it, the basement door swings open with a loud thump. In the doorway stands Karen Wheeler, Mike's mom

"Mom," Mike says with exasperation written all on his face. "We're in the middle of a campaign."

"You mean the end, right?" Karen taps her watch. "Fifteen after."

Mike's eyes widen and he quickly chases his mom out of the

basement. The campaign can't end yet, not when it was starting to get good. Sure they were fighting but what good group of friends doesn't fight over something they're passionate about. He's sure that he can convince his mother to give them some extra time while the others search for the dice.

"Just twenty more minutes Mom, please?"

"It's a school night, Michael, and I just put Holly to bed. You can finish next weekend." She says as if she's not ruining one of the best moments of his childhood.

"That'll ruin the flow Mom. PLEASE." Mike doesn't even hesitate to put on the puppy dog eyes and he watches as his mother sighs.

"Michael."

"I'm serious, Mom! It took two weeks to plan. How was I supposed to know it'd take ten hours?"

"You've been playing ten hours?"

"That's not the point," Mike says. "The point of this all is that if we don't finish tonight, everything will be ruined. Two weeks of planning, two weeks of making sure that everything was perfect for tonight. If we stop right now, all that hard work will be for nothing. This is the most work I've put into anything in a long time. Do you want all of that to go to waste Mother?"

Mike's dad smacks the tv in the living room as Mike's gives Karen a pointed look.

"Dad, don't you think-" He begins to ask after looking away from his mother, but his father cuts him off.

"I think you should listen to your Mother." He says before smacking the tv once again. "DAGGUM PIECE OF JUNK!"

In the basement, Lucas, Dustin, and Will begin stuffing their thing into their backpacks.

"Does the seven-count?" Will asks quietly.

"Shit," Lucas mutters. "It was a seven?"

Will nods.

"Did Mike see it?" Lucas asks and Will shakes his head.

"Then it doesn't count."

All three boys nod and zip up their backpacks and race up the stairs. Dustin holds up the pizza box. Only a single slice left inside.

"Hey guys, anyone want this?!" He asks loudly.

"No," Lucas and Will say simultaneously."

Dustin looks back at the pizza and shrugs before he heads upstairs. With the pizza box in his arms, he knocks on the door. Even though the door is already cracked, Dustin doesn't dare go in. The teenager inside can cause a lot more hurt to him than he can to her.

The teenager in question is Nancy Wheeler, Mike's sixteen-year-old sister. Even when she's just sitting on her bed in pajamas, she looks pretty. There's a phone in her hand and while she speaks to someone on the other side, her fingers twist its cord.

"I know, I know, but I don't think so, yeah, he's cute, but, Barb. BARB! Listen to me."

Before she can continue Dustin waves to get her attention. Once he has it, Dustin holds up the pizza box and shakes it to show that there's a leftover slice inside.

"Hey Nancy, there's a slice left if you want. It's Pepperoni and sausage -

"Yeah hold on a sec Barb." Nancy gets up from her bed and closes the door in Dustin's face. Dustin gave one final nod before walking away from Nancy's room.

WHOOM! Dustin shuts the garage door behind him.

He'd been resigned to eating the last pizza slice. The other three boys are already outside. Lucas and Will are already climbing onto their bikes and Mike is standing there watching them.

"Something's wrong with your sister," Dustin says while still chewing the last piece of pizza.

"What're you talking about?" Mike asks with a raised eyebrow.

"She's got a stick up her butt." He replies after a few moments.

"It's 'cause she's seeing that barf bag, Steve Harrington," Lucas adds in.

"Yeah," Dustin agrees "She's turning into a real jerk."

"She's always been a real jerk." Someone quickly pointed out.

"Nu-uh," Dustin said as he climbed onto his bike. "She used to be cool. Like that time she dressed up as an elf for our Eldertree campaign."

"Four years ago!" Mike all but screamed.

"Just sayin'," Dustin said with a shrug before him and Lucas biked out of the garage.

Will doesn't follow behind them just yet, instead, he turns to Mike.

"It was a seven." He says quietly.

"What?" Mik questions.

"The roll," Will says before pausing. "It was a seven. The Demogorgon got me."

Will gives a small shrug and gets on his bike.

"See you tomorrow." With that, Will rides off.

Mike notices the light in the garage flicker. Strange, he thought to himself before switching off the lights and heading back inside.

The boys bike home. Their handlebar lights wink in the night. And

good thing, because it's very dark out here.

Lucas slowly peels off from the group.

"See ya, ladies," he calls out as he slowly begins to drift further and further away.

"Kiss your mom 'night for me." Dustin calls back at him, which leads to Lucas flipping him the bird as he bikes up a driveway towards a two-story house.

It's silent between Will and Dustin as they continue on their way home. Eventually, though, Dustin breaks it.

"Race to my place?" The boy suggests. "Winner gets a comic?"

Will thought about it for a few moments.

"Any comic?"

"Yeah," Dustin said hesitantly and Will had heard enough. Faster than Dustin would have expected Will is already pedaling away.

"Hey! That's not fair!" Dustin yells as he pedals after Will. He's already so far behind and Will has already whizzed past a house at the far end of the neighborhood. When he's about fifty yards away from Dustin, he turns and waves.

"I'll take your 'X-Men' one-three four!" Will says when Dustin finally comes to a stop next to him.

"... Man." Dustin says as he takes a deep breath.

Not much later, Will begins his own journey home. He bikes along an empty forest road alone because he lives much further out than the rest of his friends. It's quiet out tonight and much darker than usual. The only sound Will hear is the sound of cicadas and the gentle blowing of the wind. They are the only things to keep him company on his lonely ride home.

Soon enough he bikes past a large metal fence and the warning sign hanging on it reads in big black letters.

HAWKINS NATIONAL LABORATORY. RESTRICTED AREA. NO TRESPASSING.

Will looks down as the headlight of his bike flickers. A moment later they return to normal and Will looks back up. To his surprise, there's a tall figure standing in the middle of the road in front of him. Will yanks on the handlebars of the bike to avoid hitting the figure in front of him but he loses control. He veers off the road and into the woods next to it and crashes.

Will flies off the bike and crashes into the dirt. Will lies there on the ground gasping, trying to piece together what the hell had just happened. Suddenly he hears strange guttural sound coming from behind him.

Will quickly rises to his feet and turns toward the sound. He could hear the sounds of leaves rustling coming from the forest in front of him. As the sounds grow closer, Will makes a split second decision. He quickly abandons his bike and runs.

It doesn't take long for him to exit the woods. His house is just up ahead and he couldn't be happier to see it. It's small, lower class and damn near falling apart, but the sight of it fills him with such a happy feeling in his chest.

Will quickly enters the house and slams the door shut behind him and bolts the lock.

A dog with a mess of shaggy fur quickly rushes to greet him.

"MOM?! JONATHAN?! MOM?!"

He calls as he checks his Mom's and his brother's bedroom. It doesn't take him long to figure out that no one else is home. He's all alone.

Will scrambles back to the living room window. He cups his hands to the glass and peers out into the yard. It's dark, murky and quiet. Laundry from the other day flutters on a clothesline and Will's eyes widen as he sees what hiding behind it.

Will finds himself praying that it's just his mother bringing in the laundry a little later than usual. But some part of him knows that it

isn't true. The figure standing there amongst the billowing laundry doesn't even look like his mother. In fact, everything about it seems off. Its proportions seem off. Its head is too large, its arms are too long. Its body is swollen and bent in a strange, twisted shape. That thing is too deformed to be his mother. It's too deformed to be human.

The wind blows once again, the clothes flutter and the figure is gone

Will goes pale and he can feel his heart jump into his throat and he quickly runs into the kitchen. Will rips the phone receiver off the kitchen wall and dials 911. The phone doesn't even ring, and all Will gets is low-end static.

"Hello?! HELLO?!" He shouts into the phone.

Will pauses. He hears something on the other line. But not a voice... it's that guttural sound he heard in the woods. The pitch rises and falls, making a series of strange sounds. Words maybe? It is as if the figure... whoever... whatever it is... is somehow speaking to him through the phone receiver.

Behind him, Will hears Chester begin to growl at the front door. Will lowers the phone and looks back at the door. A shadow fills the crack at the base of the door. Then somehow, as impossible as it seemed, the chain bolt begins to slide open, as if drawn by an invisible hand. The metal shrieks.

Will drops the phone and run. He explodes out of the back screen door and sprints into an old wooden shed. He slams the door shut behind him, his breathing heavy. His eyes dart around the shed searching for something to help defend himself. The shed is cluttered and dark, lit only by a naked light bulb, hanging from the ceiling. The bulb buzzes and flickers softly. Then he sees it. It's an old Remington rifle hanging on a wall mount. It's dusty, but Will is pretty sure that it still works.

Will quickly pulls it down and grabs a few of the ammo shells from the workbench. He loads the rifle as fast as he can, but he's so terrified that his hands are sweating and shaking. Once he finishes loading the gun he quickly snaps the chamber shut and aims it at the door. The rifle trembles in his hands.

Even as Will keeps his eyes trained on the door, a shadowed figure slowly begins to rise behind him. Will senses the movement and turns around but he doesn't fire. He finds that he can move and the only thing that seems to be running through his veins is fear. He tries his best to fight back tears.

"... P-please." The word is barely above a whisper.

A terrible high pitched shrieking fills the shed. The dangling light bulb glows brighter and brighter, filling the shed with an overwhelming white light.

The, as abruptly as the shrieking had started it stopped. The light bulb dims and returns to normal.

The shed is empty. The rifle lays on the ground where Will once stood. The night is dark and quiet once again.

Will Byers has vanished.

Ten minutes later, someone walks through Will's house. Iridescent green eyes glow in the overwhelming darkness. His face is dimly lit by a faint bronze glow as he quickly walks to the shed.

"Dammit," Percy Jackson curses as he looks around. "That gods damned thing got away."

So, hey guys, how's everything going. I know this chapter is super short and barely contains anything at all, but I've been working on it for weeks now and I could barely think of anything to put in it. So yeah sorry it took so long. Also, I've come up with an idea for a new story, I'm not saying I'll write it, at least not right now but it is an idea. If any of you watch The Magicians, you'll know how awesome the series is. I really want to make it a crossover with Percy Jackson and Having Percy go to Brakebills and going through all the chaos that occurred there with the rest of the crew, of course, shit would be different because he's half god, but whatever. Like I said I won't write it now unless Y'all want me to but I think it's a cool idea

3. Les I'm Miserable

So, before I get into this chapter, I just want to say that there are a few things that will be done differently from the show. Percy and Eleven aren't going to be hiding as much as El did in the show. Both are still going to be badass but because El has someone in her life like Percy Jackson, the titan slayer, things are going to be a little different. El does have a bit more control over her powers than she did in the show, but there are still times where El can pass out from exhaustion. By the way, the title of the chapter has nothing to do with what happens in the chapter, I just thought it was hilarious. Also, I am looking for a beta writer so if you're interested just pm me and let me know.

Early morning at the Byers house was hectic. Joyce Byers spent most of her morning looking for her keys while Jonathan Byers cooks breakfast. Neither of them had checked Will's room yet to make sure that he'd made it home safely last night.

"Where the hell are they!?" Joyce curses out as she moves frantically through the house.

"Check the couch," Jonathan suggested and once she does she finds them stuffed under the cushions. She quickly snatches them up and races toward the door, only to stop at the last minute. She slowly turns back to Jonathan.

"Will? Where's Will?"

Jonathan gives a small shrug in response.

"Sleeping, I guess."

"You were supposed to make sure that he was up Jonathan, how many times—"

Before she could continue Jonathan interrupted her.

"I'm making breakfast mom."

Joyce shakes her head and hurries down the hallway to Will's room.

She clapped her hands loudly as she neared it.

"Will, come on sweetie, it's time to get up."

Joyce quickly throws open the door to Will's room, and much to her surprise, it's empty.

Joyce quickly makes her way back to Jonathan. This time worry is clearly etched onto her features.

"He came home last night, right." She asks quietly.

"He's not in his room?" Jonathan asks as he turns away from the stove.

"Did he come home or not?" You could hear Joyce getting more and more anxious.

"I don't know" Jonathan suddenly answers suddenly feeling guilty.

"You don't know?" The way Joyce says it makes Jonathan feel like he's being interrogated. It's always terrifying when his mother turns on him.

"I, I got back late, I was working." The explanation that he gives doesn't seem to be enough for his mother.

"You were working?"

"Yes, mom. Eric asked if I could cover for him and I said yeah. I figured we could use the extra cash."

Joyce looked at him in disbelief.

"We talked about his Jonathan. I told you not to take shifts on the nights that I'm tending. I specifically told you."

"Mom," Jonathan said while running a hand through his hair. "He was over at the Wheeler's house all day. He probably just stayed the night."

Joyce let out another long sigh before she moves over to the phone

on the kitchen wall and dials the number to the Wheeler's house.

"Hello, Karen, it's Joyce. Was that Will that I heard? No, okay. So, he didn't spend the night? Could you tell me the last time you saw him? He left a little after eight."

Jonathan can see the panic building up in his mother's eyes. He hates that it's partially his fault. He can see his mother hiding away the panic as she begins to talk on the phone again.

"I was working late last night, I'm sure he just left early for school. Thanks, thanks, Karen."

With that Joyce hangs up the phone.

Joyce looks scared and uncoincidentally so does Jonathan.

Not too far away Mike, Lucas, and Dustin ride their bike toward the high school, what's happening there is a story for another chapter. The trio is making their way to Hawkins Middle School, a one-story brick building beneath a water tower. As they lock their bikes into the bike rack, they all search the ocean of kids for their missing friend.

"I don't see him," Mike says, still searching the crowd of kids. "Weird."

"Mike, I don't think that you should be worrying as much as you are, his mom is probably right; he probably just went to class early."

Dustin nodded.

"Yeah, you know that he's always been paranoid that Gursky's gonna give out a pop quiz."

Mike nodded, feeling better. However, there was still an underlying sense that something had happened to Will. He hoped, for both his and Will's sake, that the boy really had gone to class early.

Before they start walking again, a voice calls out. Getting the attention of not only our boys but also the other kids around them.

"Step right up ladies and gentlemen!" A boy's voice says. "Step right

up and get your tickets to the freak show!"

The boys look at the voice to find two other kids, James and Troy. The two fourteen-year-olds are walking towards them as if they own the world. The boys don't run, instead, they stand there like statues and anyone viewing the scene would be able to tell that it's a regular occurrence.

One of the boys, Troy, sizes them up.

"Who do you think would like to make some money at the freak show: "Frogface," "Toothless," or – "

"Actually,"

Troy is cut off before he could continue speaking, one deep and smooth and distinctly older than any of them.

They all turn toward the voice and find a boy about a year or two older than them sitting on a bike.

The boy is undeniably handsome, with darker toned skin and shocking green eyes, and hair that doesn't seem to follow the command of any law of nature.

"I would."

A crooked smile etched itself onto the stranger's face, and his eyes seemed to glow in the broad daylight. To one group of boys he looked damn near insane, to the others, however, they could see just a trace of mischief hidden beneath the raging seas that were his eyes. Our boys waited to see how the other would react and strangely enough, they could see that James and Troy were seemed to be getting nervous.

"Whatever weirdo," James said with a half-assed scoff. "We're leaving."

The two boys quickly rushed to the school, and our boys found that the green-eyed boys face quickly morphed back into one of someone who had no problems in the world.

"Thanks," Lucas manages to get out after a few moments. "Thanks a lot."

This time that smile is just as crooked, yet somehow it doesn't make the boys feel the need to run to their mommas and hide, this time his smile is calming, like the ocean on a clear day.

"No problem. People like them never sat quite right with me, so I thought why not step in."

The trio of boys nodded and watched as the green-eyed boy checked the watch on his wrist.

"Anyways, I'd better get going. Wouldn't want to be late for my first day of school, now would I?"

The boy quickly kicks off and soon enough he was disappearing down the street. Our boys turn and quickly head to school.

"You totally have a crush on him," Mike says, and Dustin quickly agrees.

"What! No way, you're both being delusional."

"Denial is a river in Egypt Lucas."

4. Uh Oh

'So, Brenner, tell me what to expect here.'

Brenner sat down behind his desk and let out a deep sigh. That was something that he dreaded to explain. He slid the two files sitting on his desk over to the man sitting in front of him. He was the head of the asset obtainment division, the only person Brenner trusted personally to catch those who escaped the project and bring them back into custody. He was James Hanson.

'what you can expect is two highly dangerous assets that have escaped and are now roaming free.' Brenner paused and open the two files. One contained the picture of a dark-skinned teenager with unruly black hair and iridescent sea green eyes. The other showed a younger girl with a shaved head and brown eyes. "These two are Eleven and Twelve. Eleven possess highly telekinetic abilities that are intricately connected to her emotions. Before she managed to escape she was showing progress in gaining control of her abilities. Twelve, on the other hand, has a unique set of abilities alongside his telekinetic ones. His abilities have managed to manifest in the form of hydrokinetic and he has a spectacular amount of control over them, but they are still very connected to his emotions. Even being able to pull water out of the air and form in toto weapons. Funnily enough, he's managed to injure quite a few of our agents. The only reason we had managed to keep him from escaping is that he cares for the child, Eleven, deeply."

"So, what do you want me to do here, Brenner? These are kids and I don't kill children."

Brenner scoffed and rolled his eyes.

"Of course, I don't want you to kill them. I want you to find them and bring them back here." He said. "Those are two very powerful and potentially dangerous children, one of which has near complete control of his powers, the other is highly dangerous in her own right. No, I don't need them killed. I need them found, brought back, that way we can keep them contained and other people safe."

The room fell into silence. Hanson stared quietly at the photos in front of him.

"But I need this to be quiet Hanson. I need you to do this alone, you're the only one I trust with this. Search the state, as much of it as you can anyway, I need those two found as soon as you can. I'll have another team out searching, that one is just to keep up appearances in the company. Truth is that there's a possibility that the other team will die, horribly. Lots of blood, Eleven has a knack for that. if you find her alone, do not engage. If you find her and Twelve together, then there's a possibility that you might survive, if Twelve decides not to rupture your blood vessels."

Brenner let out a small chuckle as if laughing at an inside joke. Hanson wasn't sure if he wanted to do this anymore.

"Hey," Brenner said after a while. "I'll even throw in a raise if you manage to pull it off."

Hanson took his time to think about it. From what Brenner was telling him, the pros outweighed the cons. The kids would be safer here in the program where their powers could be contained and most importantly, more people would be safe.

"I guess I'm in."

So this chapter is a lot shorter than the rest and that's just because there's not a lot that I wanted to say in it, but I did want to show you guys exactly what Brenner was doing to get Eleven and Twelve back. The next update should feature more around Eleven and Twelve. Don't forget to let me know how you guys like the chapter and leave a comment.